

AN ELEGY

Written on an Evening Prospect of the MALVERN HILLS

And now farewell ev'n to my fancied joys!
For real joys have long been lost to me;
Long have I scorn'd the world's delusive toys
Long have I lost a heart from sorrow free!

Yet, I have known when every toy could please,
When mirth could well my lighter cares beguile;
I've known the blessings of a heart at ease;
And known what joys await the ready smile,

Such was my bliss, when first Love's conquering power
And Lucy's virtues taught me to adore,
How chang'd my state! when in that fatal hour,
Our fortunes bade us part, - to meet no more!

Yet, still I sought a refuge from despair,
And try'd by every art to chase my pain:
I sought the social band - no peace was there,
I sought the silent shade - long sought in vain!

Till chance conducted to a neighboring height,
Which proudly looks o'er many a lengthened vale;
Whence, to yon hills I strain'd my aching sight,
Yon hills which witness'd first my love-sick tale!

[Faint, illegible text visible through the paper, likely bleed-through from the reverse side. The text appears to be organized into several paragraphs.]

And to this spot, while beams the parting day,
True, as the Pilgrim to the knee-worn shrine,
Pensive I came - essay'd a melting lay,
And wrapt in fancied bliss call'd Lucy mine

In every softened breeze I seem'd to hear,
The chaste confession of her Love - a sigh
Each dew-drop bright shone like that pearly tear,
Which stole, at parting, to my Lucy's eye.

'And does she sigh? and does she weep? I cried -
'And can nor time nor distance change her heart?
'Want's idle threats shall ne'er our Loves divide,
'Again we'll meet - but not again to part!

But soon - too soon these fancied joys are o'er,
For Philomel's sad plaint recall'd my pain,
And forc'd me feel she did not mourn alone,
Though she alone so sweetly did complain.

Thus wak'd to woe, I hied me home again,
To watch and weep away the weary night,
At noon, to blame the slow - consuming day,
That envied Eve's approach and me this short delight.

But Evening's mild approach may charm no more
Fancy may ne'er my transient joys renew,
Ev'n these short raptures now at once are o'er!
For now I bid this favored height adieu!

Printed at the FORT

M D CC LXXXVIII

...the world to see, and the home again,
to stand and weep over the empty night,
to see the dawn of a new morning day,
to see the sun rise over the sea and delight.



1901-1902

11 DEC 1954